

## **S C E N E - 1    BEGINS**

On a sunny day, a blue sky with a few clouds floating by. Birds fly overhead, and a soft breeze moves the trees. A branch falls to the ground with a sound. In the middle of these tall trees, a thin boy wearing red shirt and black pants is running. Suddenly, he stops, looks around, and starts thinking, as if something has caught his attention.

## **S C E N E - 2    UNKNOWN DEATH**

In a distant place, a man with long white hair stands naked. His lean body, sculpted with defined muscles and eight-pack abs, has forearms that show strength, and his hands are bound to iron chains that stretch to the walls of the dark room. The only source of light comes from a gleaming diamond, about 10 inches in size, attached to the ceiling,

Casting an orange hue over the room. The diamond glows with a fiery orange colour, while the rest of the space remains shrouded in darkness. A red flame tattoo stretches across the wide chest of the man, who looks completely drained. Sweat drips down his body as he slumps forward, his hair hanging over his face.

Suddenly, a hissing voice fills the room, and the man slowly looks up. Only one of his eyes is visible, peeking through the gap in his hair a striking red eye that glows intensely. His body begins to tremble as he struggles to free himself from the chains.

Then, pairs of glowing green eyes start appearing in the darkness before him, one by one. The diamond above multiplies, slowly filling the ceiling with many diamonds of various sizes, all lighting up. The old man's struggle finally ceases.

The man laughs loudly and says, "Even if I die, you won't succeed. Someone will kill you." Then he looks down again, continuing to laugh.

**HAHAAA!!!!!!!!!! HAHAA!!!!!!!!!! HAAHAAAAAAA**  
place filled with old mans laugh.

In the shadows on the wall, heads emerge and begin to devour the unknown man. Blood spills and splatters through the air. As the blood pools on the ground and no body remains, the pairs of eyes vanish, leaving the room empty and silent

## **S C E N E - 3   J U N G L E   F U N**

A huge, round black stone lies on the ground, surrounded by enormous huge banyan trees with green and red leaves. These trees are larger than usual, with some stems touching the ground and others resting on the stone.

The same boy stands, staring at the stone. Suddenly, two normal fit highted boys with black hair rush towards him from behind, repeatedly calling his name.

"Hey X, what are you doing here?"

X turns, revealing his face as a frightening purple monster, with a big red nose and a large curly moustache, though his body remains that of a normal human. The terrifying face causes the boys to run in the opposite direction. As X looks ahead, he spots a girl's face. She is strikingly beautiful, with fair skin, brown eyes, and golden-highlighted hair that shimmers in the light. Her hourglass figure is accentuated by the black skirt she's wearing. Suddenly, X's monstrous face shifts back to normal, but now he's left with no eyebrows and weird face structure with a small red nose. He bursts out laughing at the girl.

The girl annoyed by X's behaviour, demands an explanation. "Why are you doing this?" she asks.

"You are flexing a power which you don't know to use properly!!!"

X continues to laugh, clutching his stomach, which only makes her angrier. She shouts, "Do you think scaring people is fun?"

Her voice echoes, and a swirling wind blows, tickling X's body. He puts his hand on her shoulder and forcefully tries to make her walk. "F, let's go from here," he insists.

The surroundings grow eerily silent as the scene intensifies. X's expression turns serious. "Let's go from here," he repeats.

They start to walk, but F resists. She removes X's hand from her shoulder, steps two paces away, and demands, "First, come back to your original face!"

A creature's sound emerges from a distance, and F gets scared, shouting. "What was that?"

X's eyes widen, his eyeball turning yellow as his hairstyle slowly changes and his hair becomes brown. His nose returns to its normal colour, and X's face reverts to his original appearance.

Suddenly, a strange black creature appears in mid-air and jumps onto X's back, sending both X and F crashing to the ground. The creature is entirely black, with sharp red teeth that seem to glow. It has sharp, jagged and a long, whip-like tail extends behind it. The tail's edge bristles with several small thorns. The canine size creature has eerie presence

The creature is standing on X back, ready to devour X. The creature's breath hisses out and X's life hangs in the balance as the beast prepares to tear into him, opens its mouth wide, revealing rows of jagged, blood-red teeth. Thick strands of saliva drip from its maw, splattering onto X's head as it lowers closer. Its glowing white eyes are filled with an insatiable hunger, burning with the intent to kill.

F starts crying as she lies on the ground, shouting,  
**"NOOOOOO!"**

With a smile, X quickly gets up, causing the creature to fly into the sky. The creature ascends high and begins falling back toward the ground. X and F watch as the creature falls. X jumps high, catches the creature's head in mid-air, and smashes it onto the ground, causing the land to shake and a small crack. The creature's head is obliterated, and its body lies headless and bloody on the ground

While X stands firm, blood from the weird creature drips from his left hand suddenly an unknown heavy dark laughter echoes around them.

**"HA! HA! HA! HA!"**

X and F look around, searching for the source of the laughter. X shouts, "Hey, you coward! Come in front of us if you want to fight!"

The laughter continues, and a heavy voice responds, "We will come back for you. No one will be spared, especially you, X. I will make you my dog and name you  
**'COWARD'**."

The laughter echoes again. Suddenly, the laughter stops. F gets up from the ground and hugs X, crying while holding him tightly.

## **S C E N E - 4 CHALLENGE ACCEPTED**

X still angry he speak in a low, serious tone, "I won't leave that bastard who made you cry, F. He will pay for this!"

Hearing this, F suddenly pulls away from X, blushing. She stammers, "Thank you." X, still seething, walks toward the body of the weird creature and lifts it by its leg with his left hand.

He holds the creature's body in the air and asks, "Hey, F, what is this creature?"

F responds, "I don't know. I've never seen or read about anything like this before. This is my first time encountering something like this, and that creepy voice too."

Scratching her head in confusion, F walks over, takes the creature from X, and throws it far into the air. The creature's body flies off and lands a great distance away.

X, shocked, exclaims, "Why did you throw that thing? I wanted to take it home and show everyone."

F replies, "Forget it, it's gone now. Let's head home; it'll be dark soon, and this jungle isn't a safe place after sunset." X shrugs, "Whatever. Let's go. I'm hungry. I hope the food's ready when we get back."

With that, X starts walking, hands in his pockets, while F walks beside him. As they continue, they talk.

F asks, "Did you know from the start that something weird was happening here? Like there was danger?"

X casually replies, "Yes."

F continues, "So that's why you made a scary face and scared A and B away?"

X confirms, "Yes."

F adds, "And that's why you tried to scare me and get me out of here?"



X nods, "Yes. While I was running, I felt something was off. I saw this place I'd never seen before in the jungle, so I stopped to figure out where I was. Then suddenly, everything snapped back, and I was running again. It felt like I zoned out. When I reached this spot, the aura changed, and I knew something wasn't right."

F looks at X, impressed. X continues, "I felt this thing wanted to fight me, so I stopped and focused on it. That's when you guys showed up, and I had to do all that stuff. Sorry about that."

F responds, "It's okay. I thought you were just using your face-changing power to bully others. I'm sorry."

X brushes it off, "Forget about it. Why were you guys looking for me? Was it something important?"

F suddenly remembers, "Oh, right! We were searching for you because there's a problem only you can solve."

X asks, "What's the problem?"

F starts running and shouts, "Let's get out of here first! Let's see who gets home first!"

X grins, **"Challenge accepted."**

They both take off at full speed. While running, F glances to her left and sees a group of monkeys jumping from branch to branch. To her surprise, she spots X among them, swinging from the trees like a monkey and getting ahead while teasing her.

Shocked and angry, F runs even faster to catch up with X. Now, they're neck and neck, with F running and X swinging through the trees. As they race, F shouts, "That's cheating! You should be running, not turning into a monkey!"

X ignores her, keeping his lead. F huffs, "Fine, do whatever you want, but I'll be the winner."

Determined, F looks ahead and sees a bear crossing the path. She doesn't stop, leaping over the bear and continuing her sprint. After jumping over the bear, she takes a deep breath and looks back to see it growling angrily. She refocuses on X, who's still ahead, swinging

from branch to branch. Frustrated, she pushes herself to go faster.

F stops abruptly, then jumps high into the air, matching the height of the trees. She propels herself forward, quickly closing the gap with X. Surprised, X misses a branch and falls to the ground. F laughs but keeps moving forward, calling out, "I'll meet you at home!"

X quickly gets up and starts running again. He can see F in the distance, still leaping ahead. Annoyed, he picks up speed, the bushes around him blowing away as he runs. Soon, he's back at F's side.

"I won't let you win," X says determinedly.

"We'll see about that," F retorts, running alongside him.

As they race, about 15 monkeys surround them. The monkeys grab X and F, tossing them from the ground to another monkey perched on a branch. Shocked, X and F shout in surprise. The monkey on the branch smiles mischievously and throws them to another monkey on a different tree. This continues, and F becomes more scared, but X is enjoying it.

"Hey, F, isn't this fun?" X asks, grinning.

F is too frightened to respond, repeatedly shouting, "LEAVE ME!" The monkeys continue tossing them until they near the edge of the jungle. The last monkey catches them and hurls them high into the air. F screams, but X, clearly enjoying himself, flexes his non-existent muscles in the air as they ascend.

As they fall, X grabs F's waist and tells her, "Hold on tight, F."

F clings to him, and as they fall, X looks up at the sky and says, "One day, I'll fly like that bird. Would you fly with me?"

F says nothing, still terrified. They land with a loud thud, now outside the jungle, staring back at the monkeys perched on the trees.

The entrance to the jungle is unique, with four huge Neem trees in the front. Their branches are a vibrant green, unlike the deeper jungle where the branches are brown.

F and X look at the monkeys, who are all smiling at them. X waves and says, "Thanks for the ride; it was fun."

F pulls on X's ear, glaring at him. "This wasn't fun at all, you idiot."

She then looks at the monkeys, still tugging on X's ear, causing him pain. "Let me go," X pleads, but F shakes her head, eyes wide with anger, and warns the monkeys, "If you ever do this to me again, I'll kill all of you or burn this jungle down."

The monkeys, frightened, retreat back into the jungle. X, still in pain from the ear-pulling, waves and says "Bye" to the monkeys.

They turn to look at their village, which looks beautiful with houses in the distance

F finally let's go of X's ear, and he immediately begins rubbing it, the redness a clear sign of her strong grip. Just as he's soothing the pain, a strange snoring noise catches his attention. He turns to his left and is startled to see a creature a fat, purple beast with 4 inches horn on its head

sleeping soundly. X's eyes widen as he recognizes it. "Hey F, isn't this DINGER, Mr. Roder's pet?"

F nods. "Yes, that's a DINGER. They're super lazy, but trust me, when they get angry, you'd better watch out. They could gobble you up in one bite!"

Before X could process that terrifying thought, F suddenly takes off running. For a second, X is confused, then he remembers the race and bolts after her, but F already has a head start. They reach a bridge spanning over a river with crystal-clear water flowing beneath it. A sign at the beginning of the bridge proudly displays the name of their village. (\*\*\*) As they race across the bridge, now running side by side, they see the village come into view an assortment of big and small houses, each with a spacious area for the creatures.

Various different creatures are resting peacefully in their enclosures, while villagers go about their day. An old woman feeding her green horse catches their eye, and F shouts out, "Grandma, how are you?" and greets grandma. The old woman turns, a warm smile spreading across her face. "I'm good, dear! How are you, X?"

X waves excitedly. "Excellent as always, Grandma!" He shouts as they pass her by. F's smile fades a bit, feeling a twinge of disappointment. She was the one who greeted Grandma, but all the attention went to X.

Suddenly, a man on a bicycle comes from the opposite direction. "Hey, kids! Be careful while playing!" he warns as he cycles past. "Sure, Dura!" they shout in unison, not missing a beat in their race.

X picks up speed, pulling ahead of F. They pass a large house where a boy and girl are practicing magic, lifting a medium-sized rock with just a stick. F's eyes light up with envy. "Wow, that's so cool! I wish I was born in a Magic Clan."

X, confidentially replies, "We're Fighters from The Fighting Clan."

Their expressions turn serious as the finish line home comes into view. X, confident and full of energy, shouts, "I told you I'd win this race!"

But just as the words leave his mouth, he sees F's shadow looming above him. In one swift motion, she leaps high

into the air and lands just ahead of him, crossing the finish line first. F bursts into a joyful dance, her laughter filling the air. X drops to his knees, frustrated.

"I told you we'd see who the winner is at the end," F teases, still dancing around him.

X, feeling both frustrated and amused, watches her celebration. "Who's the winner? It's me, F [surname]. Did you hear that, X [surname]?" she chants, continuing her victory dance.

X stands up, dusting off his clothes with a sigh. "I'll win next time."

"We'll see," F replies, finally stopping her dance but still grinning from ear to ear.

X heads to his home on the right, while F skips happily to hers on the left, the playful energy of their village still buzzing around them.



## **S C E N E - 5   "F" FORGOT.....**

The next morning, A and B, the same two boys who got scared and ran away in the jungle, are urgently knocking on X's door, calling his name repeatedly as if they're in a hurry to go somewhere. A woman opens the door, her eyes are yellow and brown hair.

A and B together: "Good morning, aunty. How are you?"  
They flash polite smiles.

X's mom: "Good morning, kids. What brings you here so early? School is starting late today, isn't it?"

A "We need to see X. It's really important. Where is he?"

X's mom:\* "He's upstairs, meditating."

B "Thanks, aunty. We'll go up then. X is lucky to have you as a mom"

As they enter the house, they notice an old, strange island painting on the wall. B stops to stare at it.

B "Where is this? It doesn't look like our island or any nearby ones." X's mom looks slightly nervous as she responds.

X's mom: "Just something I found in the storeroom." B "It looks cool." His eyes glimmer with interest. X's mom "Yes, it is." She laughs nervously. A "C'mon, we're getting late."

A and B hurry towards the stairs, leaving X's mom watching them with a look of relief. As soon as they're gone, she takes the painting off the wall and quickly carries it away.

They reach X's room and knock on the door, but there's no response.

A "Let's just go in."

B: "Yeah. Hey X, we're coming in..." They enter to find X deep in meditation. A and B exchange disappointed looks.

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### X's Room:

The room is painted blue with a white door. On the right side, there's a study table and a nearby bookshelf filled with books. A big window brightens the room, and a cupboard sits on the left side. A clock hangs on the wall, near the cupboard, showing only the numbers 3, 7, and 10, with dots in place of the other numbers.

A whispers to B, "What do we do now?" B, still watching X, whispers back, "I don't know." A glances at the clock. "It's 7 AM now. We have to be there by 8. If we're late, it'll be bad." They both scratch their heads in worry.

Suddenly, X opens his eyes and asks, "What are you guys doing here?" A and B cheer up, relieved to see X isn't meditating anymore.

\*A:\* "Let's go!"

\*X:\* "Where?"

\*A:\* "F didn't tell you anything?"

\*X:\* "No, she didn't."

A panics, "Oh no, this is bad. We're in trouble now! How could she forget to tell you?"

He starts pacing around the room, muttering to himself. X looks confused, then moves to his window, opens it, and steps onto the balcony. He shouts across to F's house, "Hey, F!" A stops pacing and clutches B's shoulders, looking distraught. "Please go and call F. We're in deep trouble."

X shouts again, "F, wake up!" He waits, but there's no response. B rushes downstairs, but just as he reaches the door, F opens her window, rubbing her eyes.

F "Why are you shouting, X?"

B freezes, staring up at F. A rushes to the balcony and shouts at F, "You didn't tell him anything! He has no idea what's at stake today!"

X "What's at stake?" surprisingly

A frustrated "See? He has no clue!" F suddenly realizes her mistake. "Oh no, I forgot to tell him after the race yesterday. So much happened, I completely forgot."

A: "We saw a purple monster in the woods while searching for X. We looked everywhere but couldn't find him. I assumed you two were training, and you'd filled him in."

F "Why did you assume I would explain everything to him?"

A (sarcastically): "Because you said you would find him and tell him everything, didn't you?"

F flashes back to saying those exact words, and her face falls with disappointment.

B (from below): "Guys, let's go now! We can explain him on our way."

F, X, and A all agree, "Yes," and head inside to get ready.

Meanwhile, B, standing outside, notices a lighter on the ground. He picks it up, lights it, watches the flame, and then blows it out. He lights it again, watching the flame dance but this time he sucks flame inside.

B looked up at the sky and saw a clear blue expanse with birds flying gracefully. He thought to himself, "What a beautiful place this world is; we can get everything here, yet we're still fighting."

Then, he looked down at the ground. "We're fighting people we don't even know. Are all these demons truly evil?"

A green truck passed in front of B, but he remained lost in thought, still looking down. "What will happen if our world gets captured by demons for real, like everyone says? Will they enslave us or kill us? I'd rather die if that happens!"

Suddenly, a hand touched B's shoulder, snapping him out of his thoughts. B looked up and saw X.

X asked, "Are you awake?"

B responded with a smile, "Yes, I am."

A spoke up, "Where's F? What is she doing? We're already late."

X inquired, "Where are we going?"

A and B didn't answer X, and instead, they started walking towards F's house. X stood there, confused about what was happening. When A went to knock on F's door, she opened it before he could, and saw A and B standing in front of her.

F said excitedly, "Let's go now!"

A and B exchanged a disappointed look with F, then turned around and started walking. X and F followed behind them. F asked X, "Did you have your breakfast, X?"

X replied, "Yes, I did, but can you please tell me where we're going?"

F responded, "They didn't tell you anything yet?"

A stopped walking, looked back, and said, "We didn't tell him, really. It was your responsibility to inform him. We tried to tell him yesterday, but we saw a monster in the

woods, so we ran away, and after that, we didn't see X anywhere."

F interrupted, "You could have told him this morning."

A questioned, "Why didn't you tell him yesterday? You both had a race, right? You could have told him then. Tell me, X, did she tell you anything?"

X, still confused, replied, "She said she would tell me after we finished the race, but once the race ended..."

F interjected, "And I won."

X acknowledged, "Yes, she won, and then she went home. She didn't tell me anything."

A remarked, "So you forgot, right?"

F admitted, "Yes, I forgot."

A accused, "How could you forget such an important thing?"



F defended herself, "Why are you shouting as if it's all my fault?"

A asserted, "It is your fault."

F denied, "Why didn't you tell him?"

A explained, "If we hadn't run into that 'monster,' we would've found him yesterday and told him."

F rolled her eyes. "Oh, please. Mr. Scary-pants, that wasn't a monster. It was just X being X."

B's eyes widened. "Wait, seriously? X, your powers are getting good!"

A tried to calm things down, "Okay, okay. We didn't know it was just X messing around. We were scared! But you knew and didn't tell him. That's on you."

F crossed her arms. "Nope, not my fault."

A leaned in. "Yes, it is."

F fired back. "No, it's not."

A raised an eyebrow. "Yes, it is."

F shook her head. "No, it's not."

A wasn't backing down. "Yes, it is."

F stood firm. “No, it’s not.”

A was about to argue again when X suddenly cut in, throwing up his hands. “Guys, seriously, stop! What’s going on?”

They all turned to look at X and fell silent.

## **S C E N E 6 - I QUIT MATCH**

X, A, B, and F stood in front of their school, its large building towering over them. A massive painting of a golden ring adorned with red and black dots dominated the front wall. Inside the ring, vivid scenes of battle unfolded, with warriors wielding rare, enchanted swords. Alongside them, mythical creatures clashed with soldiers. The school grounds buzzed with students practicing their fighting skills, seemingly inspired by the powerful imagery within the ring, as if the painting itself fueled their drive for mastery. As they entered the school gates, X noticed people whispering, their eyes darting towards him. He couldn't shake the feeling that they were talking about him.

A voice suddenly rang out, mocking and loud. "Hey, Flop Squad!" The group turned quickly to the right, where the voice had come from.

They saw G, a big guy with bandaged hands and curly hair, pounding a punching bag with fierce punches. Beside him stood two identical twins, one in a red t-shirt and the other in blue, both staring at X and his friends while G kept hitting the bag.

F snapped back, "Hey G, say that again!"

G stopped, smirking as he looked at F. "Flop Squad," he repeated with a sneer.

F's temper flared, her fists clenched tightly. "Let's fight. You'll understand when your bones start breaking!"

X turned to F, worry in his voice. "Are you sure you want to fight G?"

G and his crew burst out laughing. E, the twin in blue, mocked, "You don't get it, do you ? This fight isn't between F and boss, It's between you and boss and the one who loses this fight he and his group will have to leave the school"

X felt a jolt of shock. "WHATTTTTTTTTT?! When was this decided?"

A stepped forward, explaining quietly, "It was F who challenged G yesterday. We were looking for you to tell you about this."

X looked at F, who was already fired up. She met his gaze and quickly explained, "G was bullying some new students yesterday. When I tried to stop him, he made fun of me, and everyone laughed. I couldn't let it go, so I challenged him."

X didn't say a word and started walking toward G. The mood around them grew tense, everyone sensing the coming clash. G noticed X approaching and grinned, moving toward him too. The students around them stopped to see what they were doing, their eyes fixed on the two as they got closer. A serious hush fell over the area as X and G stood face-to-face, locked in a staring contest, neither wanting to blink.

After a few tense seconds, they both stepped back, getting ready. X suddenly charged at G, aiming a kick at his face. G blocked it with his arms just in time. X followed with a strong punch to G's stomach, making G stumble backward, clutching his belly in pain.

F couldn't resist taunting, "How was that punch, fatty? I thought you'd pop like a balloon!"

Laughter rippled through the crowd, making G's face twist in anger.

F called out again, her voice challenging, "The one who hits the ground and stays down for a 10-count loses. Do you both agree?"

X nodded, his voice firm. "Agreed."

G roared back, "AGREED!"

G swung a powerful punch at X's face, but X ducked. However, G's knee came up fast, slamming into X's jaw. Spit flew from X's mouth as he crashed to the ground. The crowd began counting, "One... two..." as G flexed his muscles, showing off.

F's face showed worry as A shouted, "Get up, X!"

D, the twin in red, grinned. "Nice work, boss."

But at the count of eight, X pushed himself up. His jaw becomes red but his eyes burned with determination. He wasn't giving up yet. G laughed, his voice dripping with sarcasm as D and E joined in, their mocking smiles widening. "F, if you want, I'll spare X. Just take your crew and leave the school, especially those two 'FORSAKEN'

over there." G jabbed a finger at A and B. Before anyone could react, G suddenly swung a vicious kick at X's face. The impact sent X crashing to the ground again. He struggled to his knees as the crowd erupted into cheers, but the worried faces of X's friends and a few concerned students stood out amidst the noise. G loomed over X, sneering down at him. "Forget the counting. Let's make this an 'I QUIT' match. What do you say, F? Or are you ready to take your FORSAKENS and run?"

X's voice cut through the tension, filled with anger. "AGREED." He locked eyes with G as he pushed himself to his feet. "But let's be clear, G. You'll be the one to say **I QUIT** after I knock you out cold."

G's grin widened. "Oh, really? This is going to be fun. I get to beat you even more."

"We'll see," X shot back.

G didn't waste a second, throwing a straight punch at X's face. But this time, X was ready. He dodged the punch with a swift leap into the air. Before G could react, X delivered a sharp punch to G's nose as he landed. G staggered back, his face twisted in shock. But X wasn't done. He unleashed a flurry of fast punches, hammering

G's face with brutal force. A final powerful kick to G's chest sent him sprawling backward.

X stood tall, his breath steady, his eyes fierce. "Ready to say the three magic words?, you are fighting the future GREATEST KING so be careful

G laughed, but there was a flicker of unease in his eyes as he sat on the ground. He tried to mask it with a joke, "YOU'RE DEAD."

X didn't hesitate. He charged forward, aiming another kick at G. But this time, G was prepared. He caught X's leg mid-air, his grip like a vice. With a roar, G swung X around and hurled him into the air. X crashed into a nearby pull-up bar with a loud thud that echoed across the grounds. The students gasped, their collective "OHHHHH" filled with shock.

X hit the ground, pain shooting through his body as he clutched his shoulder, barely able to move. G stood, towering over him, a cruel smile curling on his lips. He ripped the metal bar from the pull-up station, striding towards X with murder in his eyes. Raising the ' prepared to bring it force. high above his head, G with bone-crushing



But just as G was about to strike, the bar was caught mid-air by a strong, weathered hand. G froze, eyes wide as he slowly turned to see who had stopped him.

An old man stood there, bald, wearing square glasses, and his face marked with deep scars. He is wearing a black jacket with 4 stars on his chest. His presence alone commanded silence. G's bravado drained away, his face paling as he recognized who it was. His voice trembled slightly as he spoke, "Grand Master... What are you doing here?"

(GRAND MASTER NAME SURNAME )

The tension in the air was palpable as the students held their breath, watching the old master's unexpected entrance. (wearing black jacket with 4 star logo on the chest) The fierce battle was brought to an abrupt halt, and no one dared to move.

## S C E N E 7 - THE CLASSROOM

The classroom buzzed with excitement. Every student sat on the edge of their seat, faces lit up with anticipation. Today marked the beginning of a new journey, and the energy in the room was palpable. Some students whispered eagerly among themselves, while others basked quietly in their own thoughts, lost in the moment.

The blackboard at the front of the room bore a single word in bold, chalky letters: **"WELCOME."** As the students marveled at the word, the door creaked open. A man entered, wearing round spectacles, a crisp white shirt tucked into skinny black pants, and holding a small red book. He has long face, His presence commanded attention, and instantly, every student in the room stood up.

"GOOD MORNING, MASTER!" they chorused.

The man approached the desk placed at the center of the classroom, setting his book down with deliberate care. "Good morning, everyone. Please, have a seat," he said in a polite, yet firm tone. The room fell into a pin-drop silence as the students obeyed, their eyes fixed on him,

their curiosity brimming. The master, now standing before them, took a moment to survey his new students. His gaze was calm but searching, as if he were assessing each one individually. The silence stretched, building a tension that hung in the air until finally, he spoke, his voice breaking the quiet.

"My name is Master M surname, and I am from the Scholar Clan."

The room erupted with gasps of surprise. The students were visibly shocked, their faces wide-eyed as if they had just witnessed something extraordinary. It wasn't every day that they met someone from the Scholar Clan one of the most mysterious and rarest clans. Master M chuckled softly at their reaction. "I see that you're surprised. It's understandable. There aren't many of us left from the Scholar Clan, but let me assure you, I'm here to teach you everything you need to know," he said, his tone lightening to ease their nerves. "I will guide you through your studies here how to plan, how to think, and how to grow. The specific skills you will learn depends on your clan, but I will teach you the common subjects, the ones that unite all of you. Do you understand?" "Yes, Master!" the students responded in unison.

Master M picked up the duster from the desk and turned to the blackboard, erasing the welcoming message with a single, smooth motion. He set the duster down, picked up a piece of chalk, and began to pace between the rows of desks, his voice calm but filled with purpose.

"I've only recently joined this school as a master, and you are my very first batch of students," he began, his eyes meeting each student's gaze as he walked past them. "As you may already know, the families are divided into three orders: TOP ORDER, COMMON ORDER, and RARE ORDER."

He paused, allowing the weight of his words to sink in before continuing, "The Top Order families consist of two clans: the Magic Clan and the Secret Clan. They attend a different school, one where their unique abilities are honed and perfected."

Master M's steps slowed as he moved through the classroom, every student following his movements intently, their heads turning as he passed by. "This school, however, is dedicated to the Common Order families. The Common Order includes four clans: The Fighting Clan, The Swords Clan, The Assassin Clan, and The Fire Clan. Each of you will learn the techniques needed to

master your craft. And when you graduate, you will be ready to take on your missions and protect this world."

Reaching the front of the classroom again, Master M stopped, his expression growing somber. He looked down at the chalk in his hand, then at the blackboard. He raised his left hand to write on the board, but for a moment, he hesitated. In a voice tinged with sadness, he spoke,

"And then, there is the RARE ORDER. These families are nearly gone, only few left!!! consisting of only two clans: the Scholar Clan and one other, whose name has been lost to time."

The room felt heavy with the weight of his words, and the students watched, spellbound, as the master stood there, lost in thought. Master M cleared his throat and continued, "Anyway, back to the topic. You will study here for four years, learning everything you need to know before stepping into the real world where you'll face demons threatening our world and strive to save it from their grasp."

From the last bench, a boy raised his hand, revealing a round black stamp on his wrist. He spoke with confidence,

"Master, can you tell me how to become the KING?"  
Laughter erupted in the classroom. Students started making comments, their amusement clear:

"Really? Asking how to become a king? Ask how to become King's toilet cleaner?"

"Oh, let him ask how to become King's whore?"

"Forsaken wants to become a king? That's a good one!"

Master M's voice cut through the laughter. "Silence!"

The room quieted down, though a few students still snickered quietly. Master M fixed his gaze on the boy.  
"What's your name?"

The boy's spirits were clearly dampened by the laughter. He responded softly, "Ryan Roger."

Master M's tone softened as he spoke to Ryan, offering words of encouragement. "Ryan, you asked how to become a king. To start, you need to learn to ignore such comments. Even kings face criticism; it comes with the

territory. The key is to focus on your training and gather knowledge."

Ryan's demeanor shifted as he looked up, a spark of determination igniting in his eyes. Master M continued, "You'll need to train hard, prove your worth, and show everyone what you're capable of. If you do, they'll recognize your potential and declare you a king."

Ryan's eyes burned with resolve. "Understood. I'll train really hard and prove everyone wrong!" he says to himself.

From the front of the class, a short girl with brown hair, sitting on the first bench, turned around with an annoyed expression. Her voice was sharp as she addressed Ryan. "Hey, punk, you better watch yourself. My brother, X [Surname], is going to be the king. So, you don't stand a chance, got it?"

Ryan doesn't say a word. Instead, he and the girl lock eyes, staring at each other like two rivals on the brink of battle. It's as if sparks are flying between them, their glares clashing in the air. The tension is thick, and it feels like the whole class is holding its breath.

Master M steps in, breaking the intense stare-off. “Calm down, you two. There are plenty of people out there who want to become king,” he says with a chuckle.

The little girl huffs and turns back to the front, her face flushed red with frustration. It’s clear she’s not used to being challenged like this.

Master M, still amused, decides to lighten the mood. “Alright, let’s cool things off with introductions. Everyone will say their name and the clan they belong to. We’ll start with you, little warrior.”

The girl stands up straight, puffing out her chest. “My name is X’s sister, [Surname], and I’m from the Fighting Clan!”

Master M nods, giving her an encouraging smile. “A strong start! Alright, next!”

The girl beside her quickly stands. “I’m Suya Sunder, from the Fighting Clan.”



The boy behind them rises and gives a little dramatic flair to his introduction. “Suga Thor, from the Swords Clan!”

One by one, the students rise and introduce themselves. Some are serious, some try to be funny, and a few are nervous, but the room is buzzing with energy and anticipation. Master M watches with a knowing smile, the classroom now fully alive with the mix of clans, personalities, and ambitions.

## **S C E N E - 8**

All the students on the ground are frozen with shock and fear at the sight of the Grand Master's sudden entrance. G and X, in particular, are so terrified that their faces have turned a deep shade of purple. And who wouldn't be? The Grand Master has the kind of face that would make anyone tremble in fear. G, shaken, quickly lets go of the bar and steps aside, standing stiffly as he nervously glances at the Grand Master. X, feeling the pressure too, takes three steps back without even realizing it. The Grand Master, completely unfazed, calmly walks over and places the bar back where it belongs. The students, trying their best to remain still, begin to sneak away

But the Grand Master's voice booms across the field, "No one leaves the ground! If I sense even the slightest movement, that student will face the harshest punishment!"

Everyone freezes, wide-eyed, wondering what's going to happen to X and G. Meanwhile, X is silently panicking, running wild thoughts in his mind: "I think the Grand Master is going to hang us upside down, naked, in front of the entire school!" He shakes his head in denial, "No, no... that's too awful. But then again, he's the Grand Master. He could definitely do it!"

The Grand Master slowly strides toward G, and with a voice filled with authority, he commands, "X, come stand next to G."

X obeys without a word, shuffling over and standing beside G, his heart pounding. In the blink of an eye, the Grand Master is right in front of them, faster than they can react. The entire class gasps, shocked by his incredible speed.

"You wasted sperms!" the Grand Master begins, his tone cold, "fighting all the time and causing trouble in this school. Your fighting skills are meant for real combat, not

brawling amongst yourselves.” F, not able to hold back, chimes in, “But Grand Master, it was G who.....”

“Shut up, F!” the Grand Master snaps, cutting her off mid-sentence. “I didn’t ask for your opinion. I’m talking to these two brats”

F immediately falls silent, her face burning with embarrassment. With a hand resting on one of the two swords at his waist, the Grand Master narrows his eyes at G and X. “Tell me, when was the last time you two weren’t fighting?”

Both G and X start thinking, their minds racing. X gets lost in thought, and suddenly, a flashback hits him.

In the memory, X and G are in class, sitting at their desks. A woman, wearing a black jacket with a two-star logo on the chest, is writing math problems on the blackboard. All the students are copying down the notes.

But G, the big guy, stands up while writing, completely blocking X’s view.

Irritated, X groans, “Hey, fatso, can you sit down? You’re blocking my view!”

G, without even turning around, casually replies, “Then change your seat if you can’t see. I’m not sitting down.”

X’s frustration builds. “What did you just say?!”

G finally turns back, and X stands up too. Now, the two are facing each other, glaring with pure rage.

“Change your seat,” G repeats sarcastically, taunting X.

X is just about to retaliate when the teacher intervenes, stopping the argument before it escalates.

Snapping back to the present, X glances over at G, realizing that G is also lost in thought. He must be remembering another time they fought.

In G's memory, the two of them are on the cricket field. X is bowling while G is on strike. X throws a fast ball, but G swings and hits it for a six. The other students cheer, but X isn't happy.

G laughs, full of himself. "Hey, flop! I could hit sixes off you all day long!"

X, clearly annoyed, retorts, "Oh really, fatso? Let's see what you can do on the next ball."

G's expression darkens. "Don't call me that."

X runs up and bowls another fast one, but this time, G edges it, and the keeper catches it clean. X and his teammates erupt in joy, dancing and celebrating.

X, grinning sarcastically, shouts, "Oh, look! There goes the ball, flying for six!"

One of the other boys quips, "You mean caught behind!"

G, furious now, yells, "That's not out! I didn't edge it!"

X folds his arms and sneers, “Stop lying. We all saw it. You’re out.”

G, refusing to accept defeat, growls, “No, it was a dot ball.”

X, rolling his eyes, fires back, “Why are you cheating? Leave the bat and get lost. Go practice and come back when you’re better.”

G throws the bat down in anger and charges at X, ready to fight.

As the flashbacks end, G and X find themselves standing before the furious Grand Master, bracing for the scolding they know is coming. The Grand Master glares at them, his face twisted in anger.

“What the fuck are you two dumbasses doing?” he barks, his voice shaking the ground. “You think you're badasses, throwing those weak-ass punches? That’s the biggest load of bullshit I’ve seen in a while! You’re not tough you’re

just a couple of brain-dead idiots, making fools of yourselves in front of everyone. Do you know where people like you end up? Nowhere. Stuck, doing the same stupid shit until no one even remembers your names. Pathetic!”

X dares to look up, locking eyes with the Grand Master, but G is still staring at the ground, trembling with fear, waiting for what punishment might come next.

But X, summoning his courage, clenches his fists and says, “The only reason I was fighting this guy is because he was messing with my friends. And if he does it again, I won’t hold back.”

**"If you hurt my friends you are dead....."**

The entire field falls silent. All the students are shocked at X’s defiance, and even the Grand Master’s expression changes for a moment. His eyes narrow, and he mutters under his breath, “He’s just like you... willing to do anything for his friends.”

In an instant, the Grand Master steps forward and taps X's forehead with two fingers. The force sends X crashing to the ground.

“Ohhh, friends?” The Grand Master sneers, towering over X. “What if I hurt your friends, huh? You think you can protect them from me? You’re no match for anyone serious in this world.”

X grits his teeth, lying on the ground, but stays silent, knowing there’s nothing he can say against the Grand Master.

The Grand Master looks between G and X. “And you two idiots... you’re from the same clan, the same village. Hell, you’re even supposed to be friends.”

Both G and X glance at each other out of the corner of their eyes, then turn away in perfect sync, muttering to themselves.

X and G (internally): “Friends? We are rivals.”



The Grand Master, noticing the tension between them, smirks. “Alright, I’ve had enough of this bullshit. Both of you will bring your parents here after three days. I’ve got more important matters to handle outside the village, and I’m not dealing with this crap once I return.”

X and G’s faces go pale, as if the world had just ended. Their worst nightmare has become reality: parents being called to the school. They imagine their parents’ reactions, the lectures, the disappointment the shame. It’s like a bomb has just dropped on their heads.

The Grand Master, sensing their fear, grins wickedly. “Oh, and until then? You’re both suspended. So, enjoy your suspension, you motherfuckers.”

With that, he vanishes in a blur, leaving nothing but a gust of wind in his wake. The entire field stands in stunned silence, processing what just happened. After a few moments, the other students start to shuffle around, acting as if everything’s normal again. Meanwhile, X and G remain frozen, still reeling from what they just heard. A and B rush over to X, while E jogs over to G. F and D, who have been watching from a distance, are still standing there.

D, spotting F standing alone, sees an opportunity. He swings his hips dramatically and strolls over, his hands behind his head and a lovestruck look in his eyes. With a smooth, flirty voice, he says, “Heeeeyyy, F... You’re looking beauuuuuutiful today! What do you say we go out on a little date?”

F’s eye twitches with irritation, her hands already balling into fists. She grits her teeth, trying to control her temper.

D, completely oblivious, keeps talking. “Yeah, we could go sit on top of the mountain, watch the sunset, eat some snacks, you know? And once the sun goes down and it gets all dark, we can... MMMMMMMMMM...”

He pouts and leans in closer, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

That’s the final straw. F’s face turns beet red with anger. Her fist clenches so tightly it’s shaking, but D, still not getting the message, keeps going.

“We could, you know, get real cozy and—”

Before he can finish, F swings a punch straight at his face, shouting, “PERVERT ASSHOLE!”

Her fist connects with D’s jaw, sending him crashing to the ground in a heap. His eyes spin as he lands, stars circling his head.

F, still fuming, huffs in frustration and rushes off toward X, leaving D groaning on the ground. Even as he’s lying there in pain, he mutters dreamily, “She... she punched me. It must be love...”

X walked outside the school gate, his head hanging low, disappointment and fear etched on his face. His friends trailed behind him, trying to lift his spirits. On the school grounds, G and his group still looking at each other faces . Now out on the road, X continued ahead in silence, while his friends exchanged worried glances.

A, in an upbeat tone, called out, "Hey X, don't let this get to you. It's not the end of the world."

F chimed in, "Yeah, he's right. Come on, let's practice some fighting moves. Our final exams are only four months away."

But X remained quiet, his footsteps heavy, saying nothing.

A, more concerned now, urged, "Say something, my friend. Don't just shut us out."

Suddenly, X stopped. He turned to face them, frustration boiling over as he snapped, "What am I supposed to say? What do I tell my mom when she's called to school? She's going to kill me when she finds out what I've been doing!"

B, ever the joker, grinned. "Oh, yeah. She'll definitely kill you."

X groaned, pacing in frustration. "I don't know how to fix this mess. And then there's that thing we saw in the forest... That's concerning me too."

At the mention of the forest, F's face grew serious. Her expression shifted from casual to tense.

A, curious and eager, asked, "What thing? What did you see out there?"

F spoke softly, his tone dramatic. "We saw a creature... creepy, black, and dangerous. It attacked us."

Both A and B's eyes widened in shock. A, raising his voice, exclaimed, "WHAT? A creature attacked you? What was it? Some kind of wild animal?"

F shook his head. "We have no idea. It was the first time we've ever seen anything like it."

B, concerned now, asked, "You said it attacked you. Are you guys okay?"

F, sounding proud, replied, "Yeah, X handled it. He smashed the creature's head into the ground."

A grinned, impressed. "Nice one. Now show us this creature!"

X sighed, shaking his head. "F threw it away. I told her not to, but she didn't listen."

A shot a disappointed look at F, who shrugged casually. "The creature's gone now, so it's not our problem anymore. What is our problem is how you're going to deal with your mom, X."

A, ever the practical one, suggested, "Let's head to our base and figure this out."

X, F, and B all nodded in agreement. "Yeah, good idea." they all look serious of discussing the things in their base.

## **SCENE 9   CLEANING THE HOUSE**

There was a loud knock at the door—THUD THUD THUD. An old man with a short white hair, a long square-shaped face, bushy white eyebrows, and large eyes shuffled towards it. His pointed nose had a peculiar curve to it, and his thin lips seemed a little too big for his face. Walking grumpily, he muttered, "Who the hell is banging door so hard? Bang your girl that hard, not my damn door!" His tone was aggressive, full of frustration.

The knocking continued—THUD THUD THUD.  
"GRRRRRRRR!" he growled in annoyance as he twisted the doorknob and yanked it open.

Standing at the doorway were the smiling faces of X, F, B, and A.

The moment the door opened, F raised her hand confidently, her expression deadly serious. "Hello, Mr. Kawa. Hope you're doing well. We're here to discuss our new plan, and it's really important, so please don't disturb us." Her tone was firm, commanding respect. Mr. Kawa blinked in surprise, his anger momentarily replaced by confusion as they all filed into the house, one by one, removing their slippers without a word. Still stunned, he watched them go by.

"HEY! THIS IS MY HOUSE!" he shouted, his face turning red with anger. "And our base," F shot back, completely unfazed, as she led the group towards a room on the left. A, not missing a beat, casually called over his shoulder, "Bring us some snacks, GG!" before stepping into the room.

As they entered the room, their expressions quickly changed from focus to disgust. The place was a disaster

dust-covered shelves, books scattered everywhere, random old items piled in everywhere, and dirt caked on the floor. It looked as though it hadn't been cleaned in years. Their faces scrunched in irritation as they tried to find a clean spot to stand. It was a filthy mess, and the smell of neglect hung in the air. They all stood there, surveying the chaos, silently questioning whether they should've brought hazmat suits instead of a plan. Mr. Kawa stood behind X and his friends, a sly grin spreading across his face. "Perfect timing! I'm cleaning the place because my son's coming home after a long time. Good thing you're here. You'll help me out!" He let out an evil laugh, as though he'd just recruited a group of unwitting slaves.

X, F, B, and A all turned their heads slowly, shoulders slumping. They exchanged a look each of them wore the same expression, knowing they were trapped.

"If you don't want to help, that's fine," Mr. Kawa continued, his voice carrying a menacing edge. "But if you don't, you'll never be allowed in here again. The choice is yours." They all turned to face him, their faces filled with a mixture of dread and reluctance. A leaned in and whispered to X, "Let's go. He never lets us in anyway. We always sneak in against his will. We'll come back later."



X face now set with determination, placed both hands on his waist. “We’ll help you clean the base, GG—but we’re not doing it for free. You’ll have to do something for us in return.” He spoke in a confident, almost bargaining tone.

Mr. Kawa’s face twisted in fury, his eyebrows furrowing as he barked, “My house, not ‘base,’ you fools! And you’re not doing this for free! You’ll pay for all the trouble you’ve caused every time you’ve barged in here like hooligans!” X flinched slightly, but before he could respond, F stepped forward, her voice sharp and cutting. “Cause trouble? Really, GG? What about all the food we bring you? And don’t forget the booze! We practically keep your stomach full. So, I’d say we’re even.”

Mr. Kawa’s bravado faltered for a moment. He blinked, clearly rattled by F’s words, but he wasn’t about to back down in a debate with a bunch of kids. “Fine! Help me clean, and I’ll make you my special curry rice!” He suddenly shifted to a bright, cheerful tone, smiling as if he’d just made them an irresistible offer. At the mention of curry rice, the atmosphere changed in an instant. Their eyes widened, ears practically perking up at the thought of that delicious meal.

“Curry rice?” they all muttered in unison, excitement bubbling up. X pumped his fist in the air. “Alright, guys! Let’s clean this place up! GG’s son is going to be shocked when he sees how spotless it is!”

“Yeah, let’s do it!” they all shouted together, throwing their hands in the air, the prospect of curry rice too good to pass up.

And just like that, what started as a reluctant chore had turned into a mission, driven by the promise of food. The power of curry rice was real.

Mr. Kawa clapped his hands, commanding attention. “Alright, let’s divide the work. “You—yellow eyes,” he said, pointing to X, “you’ll stay here with me and clean this room. The girl and the quiet one,” he gestured toward F and B, “go clean the upstairs bedroom, and make sure you do it right. Be careful—that’s my son’s room.” Before anyone could move, F raised her hand. “Where are the brooms and cleaning supplies?”

Kawa’s eyes narrowed, clearly annoyed by the interruption. “Girl, never interrupt me when I’m speaking. Ask your questions at the end. First, listen!” He jabbed a finger at A. “And you, Mute Romeo, you’ll

sweep the corridors and mop after.” A groaned, crossing his arms. “Hey, GG, quit calling me names! And why should I do all the work alone? You go clean the corridors, I’ll stay here with X.” Mr. Kawa’s eyebrows furrowed. “No. I’ll stay here. There are important things I need to handle myself. Now, get to work. You’ll find all the cleaning supplies in the wooden cupboard outside.”

Grumbling under his breath, A shuffled toward the door, muttering, “I always get stuck with the hard stuff.”

“Oh, and don’t you dare open the kitchen door!” Mr. Kawa barked. “I’ve already cleaned it, and I won’t have it getting dirty again!”

Everyone left the room except for X and Mr. Kawa. Kawa turned to X and handed him a yellow apron from the table. “Here. Wear this. We don’t want your clothes getting dirty.”

“Thanks,” X said, slipping it on. “Where should we start?”

“We’ll gather everything into one corner first, then we’ll dust and sweep.”

The two began working, picking up items strewn across the room. Meanwhile, A had started cleaning the corridor. He was standing on a table, stretching to reach the cobwebs clinging to the ceiling. He wobbled slightly, struggling to balance. “Almost... got it...” he whispered, but just as he reached the highest web, the table wobbled beneath him. A’s eyes went wide. “Oh no—!”

THUD! A crashed to the floor, stars circling his head as he lay there, dazed.

Upstairs, F and B were not faring much better. They opened the door to the bedroom and were met with a wall of dust. Cobwebs hung like curtains from the ceiling, and dirt covered every corner. F sighed, rubbing her temples. “This is going to take forever.” They both started cleaning, sweeping down cobwebs and dusting every surface.

Back in the main room, Mr. Kawa was covering the collected items with a cloth while X played with a dusty glass ball he’d found. “Hey, look! It’s like a crystal ball!” X grinned, tossing it up and down. Mr. Kawa’s face went pale. “Yellow eyes, stop playing with that! Be careful!” X, still grinning, turned to look at Mr. Kawa. The ball slipped from his fingers, tumbling to the floor. Mr. Kawa’s eyes

went wide in horror. “Noooo!” he shouted, diving forward like a professional athlete, arms outstretched as he tried to catch the ball mid-air.

.Just before the ball could hit the ground, X flicked his foot under it, bouncing it up and smoothly catching it on his chest, as if he had complete control the whole time.

Mr. Kawa flew towards it, sliding through a pile of dust. Mr. Kawa, face covered in dirt, looked at X with a mix of shock and anger. “You idiot! That’s not a toy!”

X laughed, handing the ball back. “Relax, GG. I wasn’t going to break it.” Mr. Kawa grabbed the ball, his hands trembling, and quickly shoved it into a cupboard, locking it away. “That’s enough. Now, start cleaning before I lose my mind!”

F and B finished clearing the webs from the walls and began dusting the furniture in the room. As F was wiping down a shelf, a rectangular box suddenly slipped and fell to the floor. The box creaked open, and a sleek, mysterious rod rolled out. F's eyes widened as she bent down, picking it up carefully. F's gets excited as she examined the rod closely.

"B, look at this," F whispered, holding up the rod. "It's a Power Rod." B glanced over, raising an eyebrow. "What's that doing here? This is a Fighting Clan house. Power Rods are only used by the Magic Clan for casting spells!" She bit her lip, her curiosity taking over.

"It must be a fake," B said dismissively. "Don't bother with it. Not our concern." B turned back to dusting, but F couldn't tear her eyes away from the rod. Something about it felt real—too real. Her grip tightened around it, and without thinking twice, she glanced quickly at B to make sure he wasn't looking. Her pulse quickened as she carefully slid the rod under her dress, concealing it. With the rod hidden, F's heart pounded in her chest, but she forced herself to continue cleaning, pretending nothing had happened. B remained unaware, but F's mind was buzzing, consumed by the secrets of the Power Rod she now possessed.

A was struggling, wobbling back and forth as he tried to carry two oversized buckets of water to the center of the room for floor wiping. His face was scrunched in concentration, arms trembling from the weight. As he staggered past, Mr. Kawa snorted, watching the scene with an amused grin.

"Hey, Mute Romeo! You're not that strong—carry one bucket at a time before you spill everything!" Mr. Kawa teased, crossing his arms. A's eyes narrowed in offense, his frustration bubbling over. "Shut up, you ancient fossil!" he snapped, gritting his teeth as he keeps the buckets in the middle of the hallway. He dipped the cloth into one of the buckets and began wiping the floor furiously, muttering under his breath. As they finished their tasks, A wiped the sweat from his forehead, shouting, "Ahhh, finally done with the corridors and stairs!"

F and B came down, both looking relieved. "We've cleaned the room too!" F said excitedly, her face bright with pride.

They all headed towards the room where X and Mr. Kawa were supposed to be working. To their surprise, when they walked in, X and Mr. Kawa were sitting comfortably, munching on snacks, the room spotless and gleaming. The sight instantly triggered their frustration. "Are you kidding me?!" A said, his voice rising with irritation. "We've been busting our backs cleaning, and you guys didn't even bother to call us for snacks!"

X looked up casually, his mouth full. "Ah, my friends! Come on, have some snacks!" he said, waving them over like nothing had happened. Mr. Kawa chimed in, grinning, "Good job, guys! Come, sit. You've earned it." He patted the floor next to him. Grumbling under their breath, A, F, and B joined them, sitting down with angry expressions but giving in to the snacks anyway. As they all ate and laughed, their frustrations melted into the atmosphere.

Suddenly, Mr. Kawa stood up and disappeared for a moment, only to return with a huge pot in one hand and an oversized cooker in the other. Steam rose from both vessels, and the savory aroma filled the room. "Curry Rice is ready, kids!" he declared proudly, setting them down.

He left again briefly, coming back with dishes, glasses, and a water can, serving everyone a generous portion of curry rice. But X, unable to wait, grabbed a plate and served himself, piling on heaps of curry and rice. As soon as he took the first bite, his eyes lit up with joy. "This curry's got something special! GG, your curry is out of this world!" he exclaimed, shoveling more into his mouth.

While the others were still on their first plates, X had already devoured two and was starting on his third, barely



pausing for breath. "Where's your son been all this time? We never knew you had a son," F asked curiously, between bites. With a proud gleam in his eye, Mr. Kawa puffed out his chest. "He's been away, fighting demons and evil armies, hunting them down with his group. They're warriors, defenders of the village and our world." he said, his voice filled with pride. X, his mouth full and talking through his food, mumbled, "We'll oommm outmm and killmm demonsnnn too! From every corner!" He swallowed and pointed his spoon dramatically at Mr. Kawa. Mr. Kawa chuckled, amused by X's enthusiasm. "That's a good dream, kid," he said, smiling.

But X's expression changed, his eyes burning with determination. "I will become the greatest KING! I'll lead the battle against all demons. You'll see, old man! You'll be there at my coronation, saluting me!" His voice was filled with raw confidence, almost daring anyone to doubt him. Mr. Kawa stopped laughing, caught off guard by X's intense declaration. X went right back to devouring his food, finishing his fourth plate with equal fervor. F, B, and A exchanged glances, silently agreeing in their minds. "He's going to make it. He really will."

After all the food was gone, X leaned back, his stomach bulging comically. "I think... I overate..." he groaned, patting his belly.

Mr. Kawa and the others burst into laughter, their amusement echoing through the house. X could barely move, his belly sticking out like a balloon. They all have forgotten about what happened in the school and what they came in to discuss and just enjoying the moment.

Outside, a man dressed in black coat, pant and hat walked by the house, hearing the laughter. He smiled to himself, muttering, "Sounds like they're having a feast in this dark night." His thin legs carried him down the road, his voice fading into the distance.